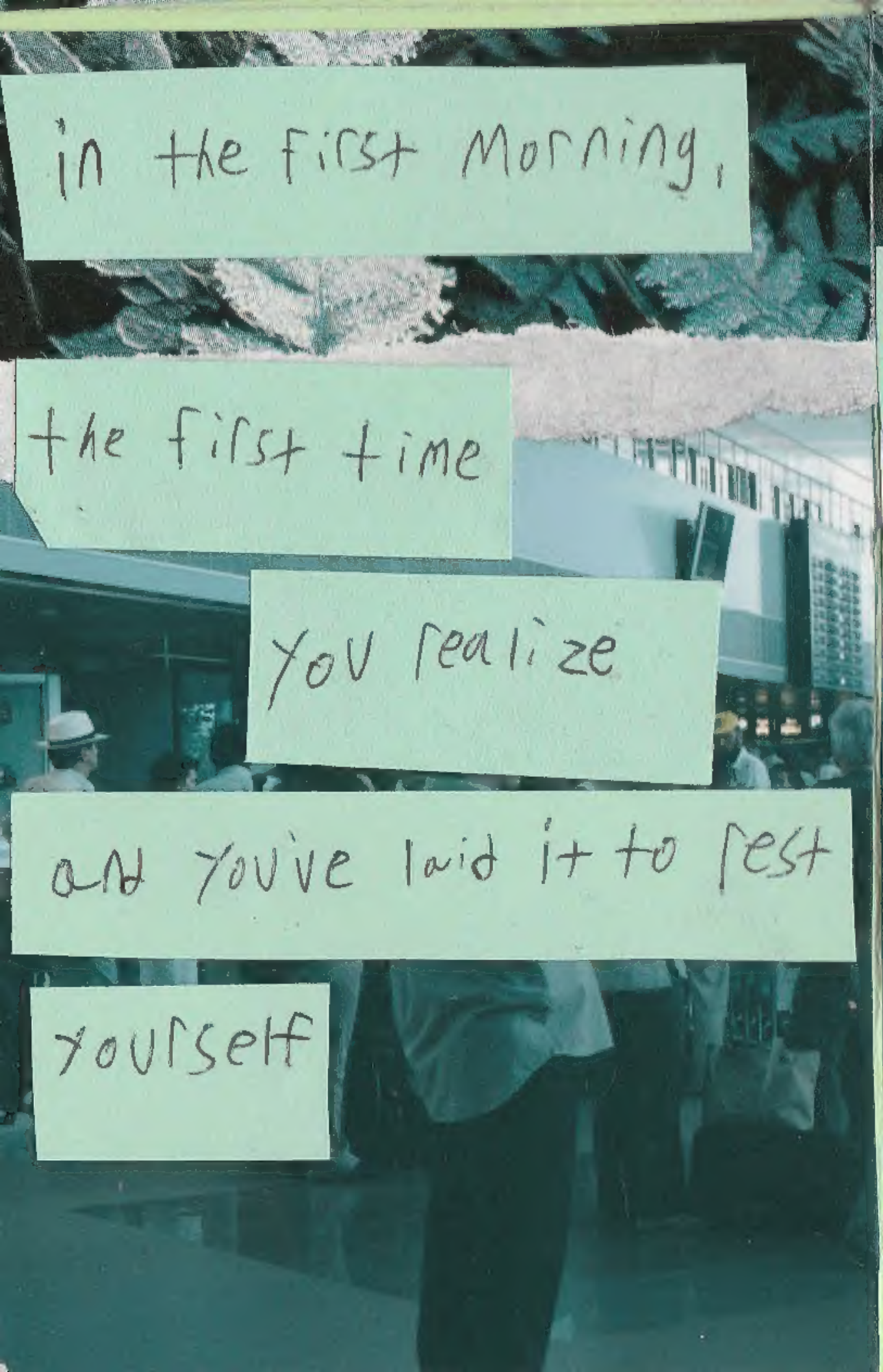


I was



the sword



in the first Morning,

the first time

you realize

and you've laid it to rest

yourself

that god died in you

and I couldn't save you then

"lord come into my life"

the scars that never heal

and the clarity

that allows you to feel

like the dead
enveloped, like the dead

I wanted to change

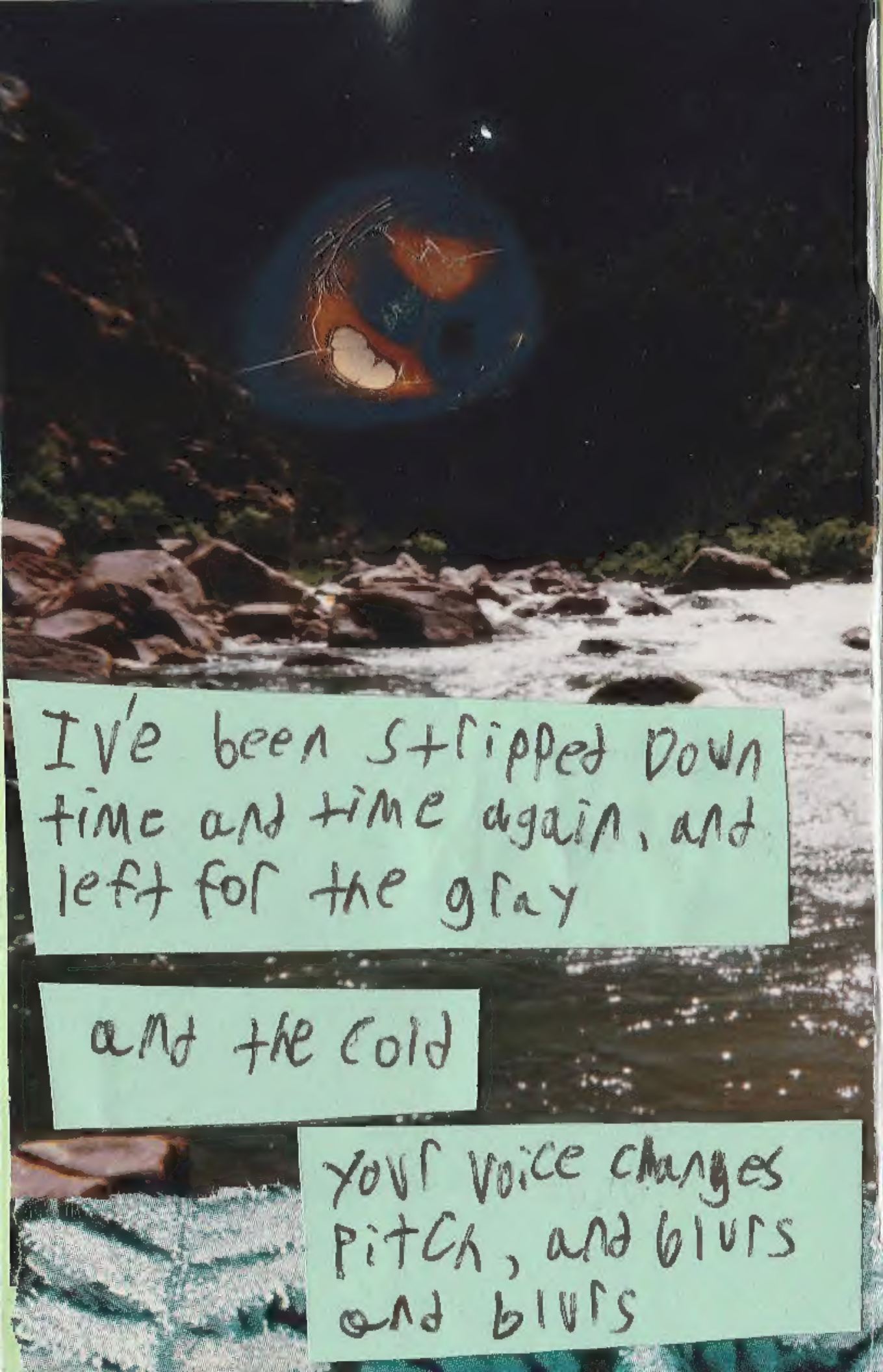
I wanted to change

as if being discarded
were that easy, and the
nights ended up being that
empty

It's so much more free,
you were let here by
no one.

this place is warm
and the change is
definite





I've been stripped down
time and time again, and
left for the gray

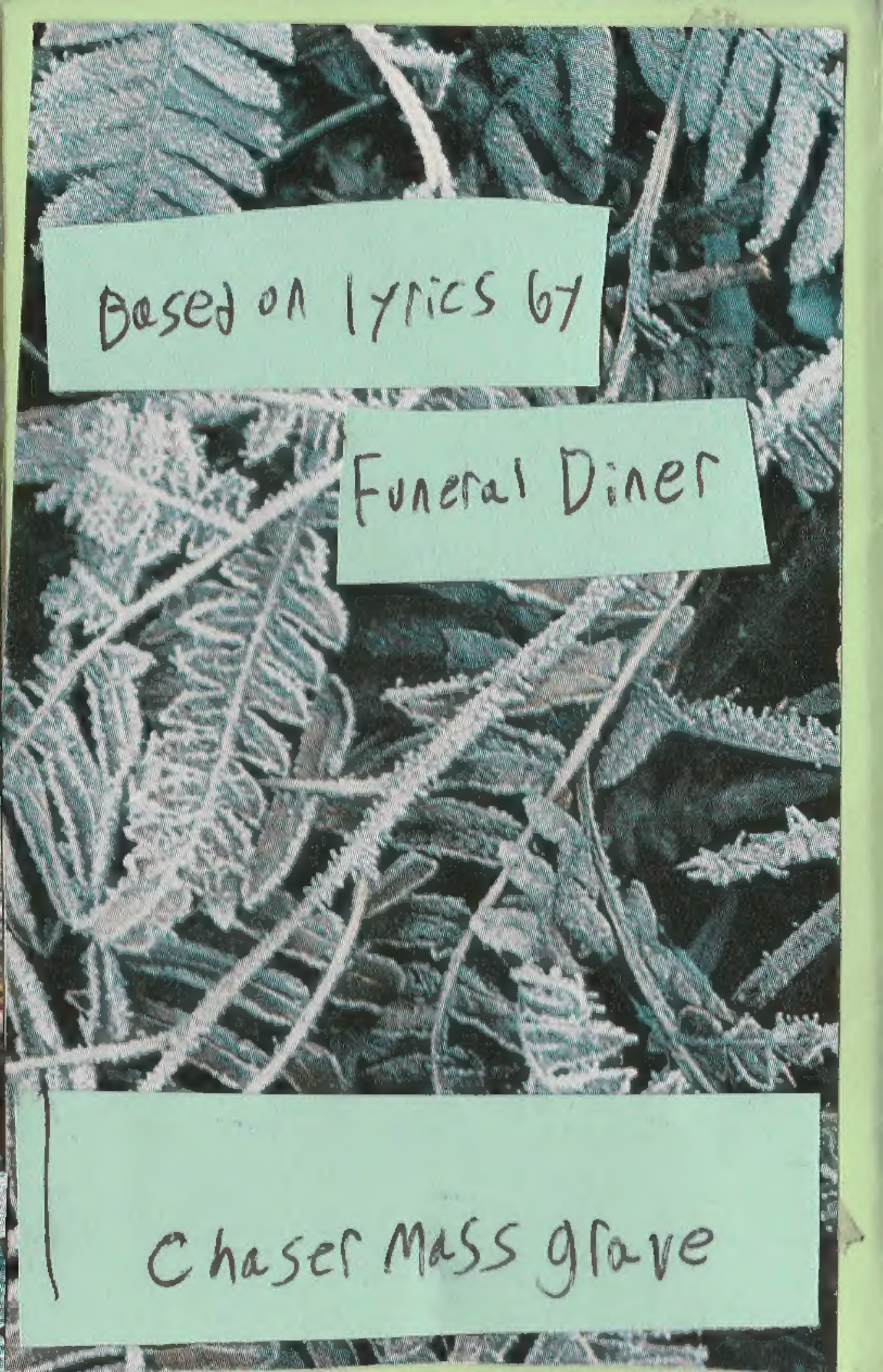
and the cold

your voice changes
pitch, and blurs
and blurs

Like a storm carries a
ship, you couldn't save me,
like a storm, like a storm

you couldn't save me
even then, and I should
have known that

I should have
known that

The background of the entire page is a detailed, high-contrast photograph of a dense thicket of ferns and thin, light-colored twigs. The ferns have intricate, feathery fronds, and the twigs are thin and woody, creating a complex, textured pattern.

Based on lyrics by

Funeral Diner

Chaser Mass grave